

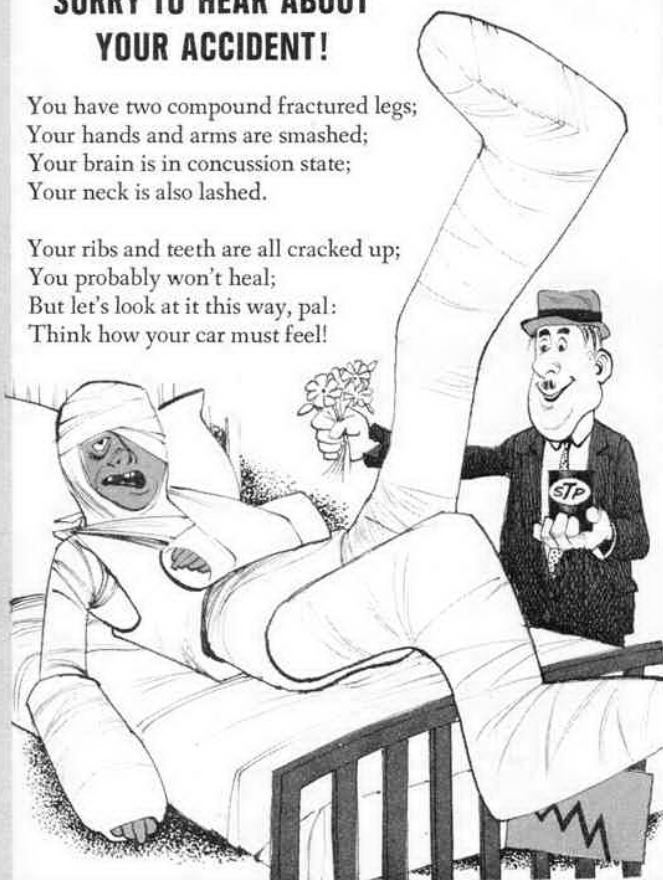
ANOTHER SICKENING COLL MAD GREETING

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

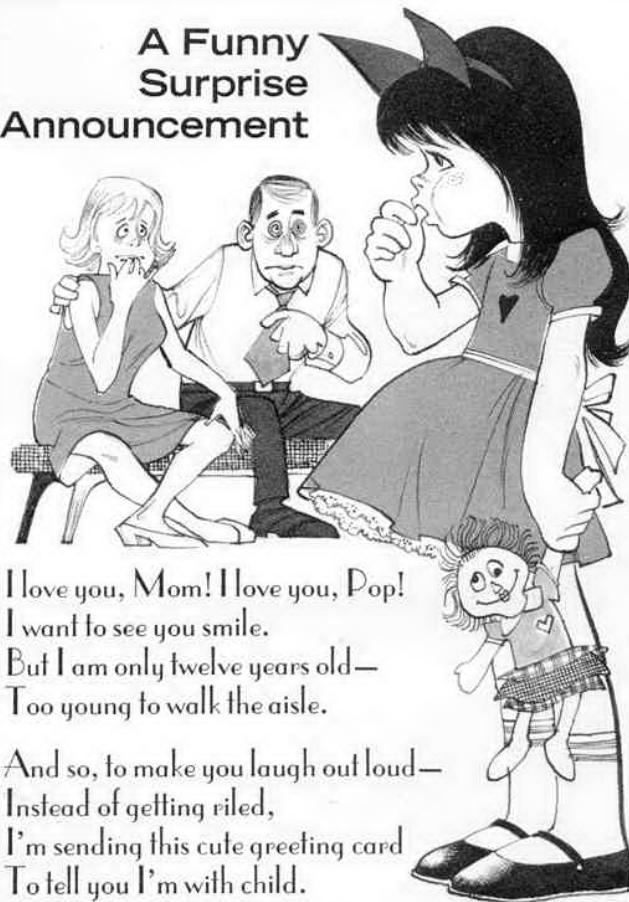
SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR ACCIDENT!

You have two compound fractured legs;
Your hands and arms are smashed;
Your brain is in concussion state;
Your neck is also lashed.

Your ribs and teeth are all cracked up;
You probably won't heal;
But let's look at it this way, pal:
Think how your car must feel!



A Funny Surprise Announcement



I love you, Mom! I love you, Pop!
I want to see you smile.
But I am only twelve years old—
Too young to walk the aisle.

And so, to make you laugh out loud—
Instead of getting riled,
I'm sending this cute greeting card
To tell you I'm with child.



To A Soon-To-Be Ex-Wife

You would not give me a divorce
Although I begged and pleaded,
And so I've sent this clever card
Because I've been mistreated.

The moment that you opened it,
You pricked your dainty finger,
But please don't worry, baby doll,
Because the pain won't linger.

It was, of course, a poisoned pin
That stung you like a bee!
And so, by now, I've got my wish:
You're dead . . . and I am free!

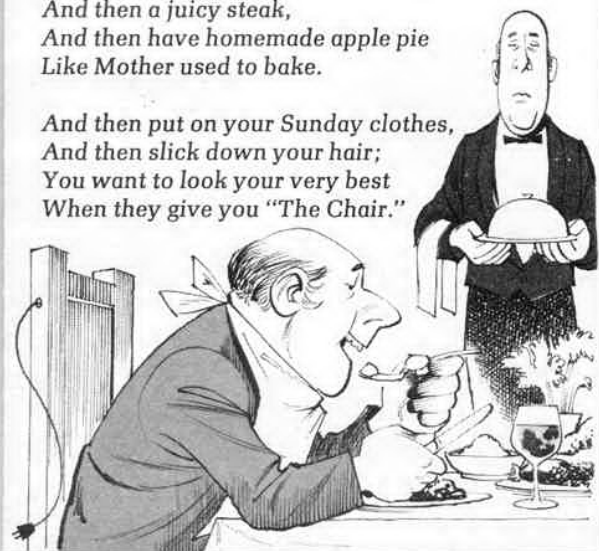
LECTION OF... CARDS

WRITER: EARLE DOUD

BEFORE YOU GO...

Have a drink . . . and then have two,
And then a juicy steak,
And then have homemade apple pie
Like Mother used to bake.

And then put on your Sunday clothes,
And then slick down your hair;
You want to look your very best
When they give you "The Chair."

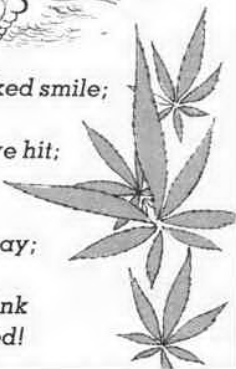


Now That You're Gone...



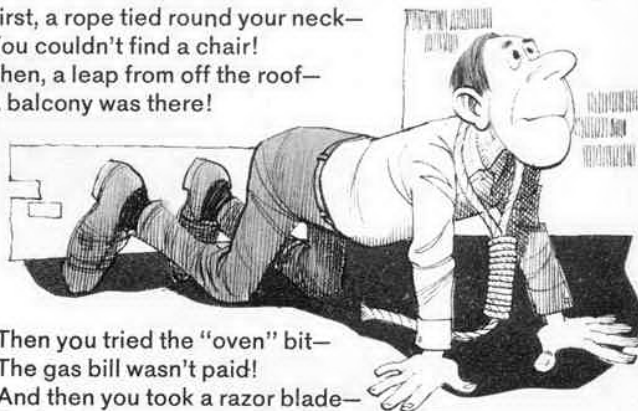
Your flowing hair, your crooked smile;
I loved you, dear . . . a lot!
The trips we took, the highs we hit;
With LSD and pot.

I miss you since you went away;
I'm lonely and disgusted;
Sometimes I'm sorry I'm the fink
Who went and had you busted!



To Someone In Need Of Help

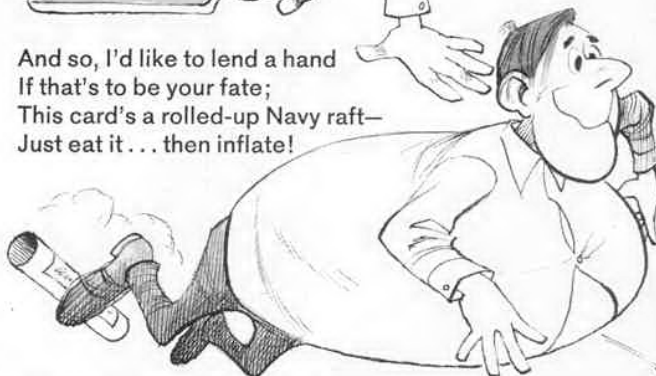
First, a rope tied round your neck—
You couldn't find a chair!
Then, a leap from off the roof—
A balcony was there!



Then you tried the "oven" bit—
The gas bill wasn't paid!
And then you took a razor blade—
Gad, what a mess you made!



And so, I'd like to lend a hand
If that's to be your fate;
This card's a rolled-up Navy raft—
Just eat it . . . then inflate!



From A Real Pal

Your doctor says you're getting well;
That you will soon recover;
Your family's full of smiles and cheer;
Your wife, and Dad, and Mother.

But I'm your closest, dearest friend,
So you can rest assured
I'll tell you what the rest won't tell:
What you've got can't be cured!

